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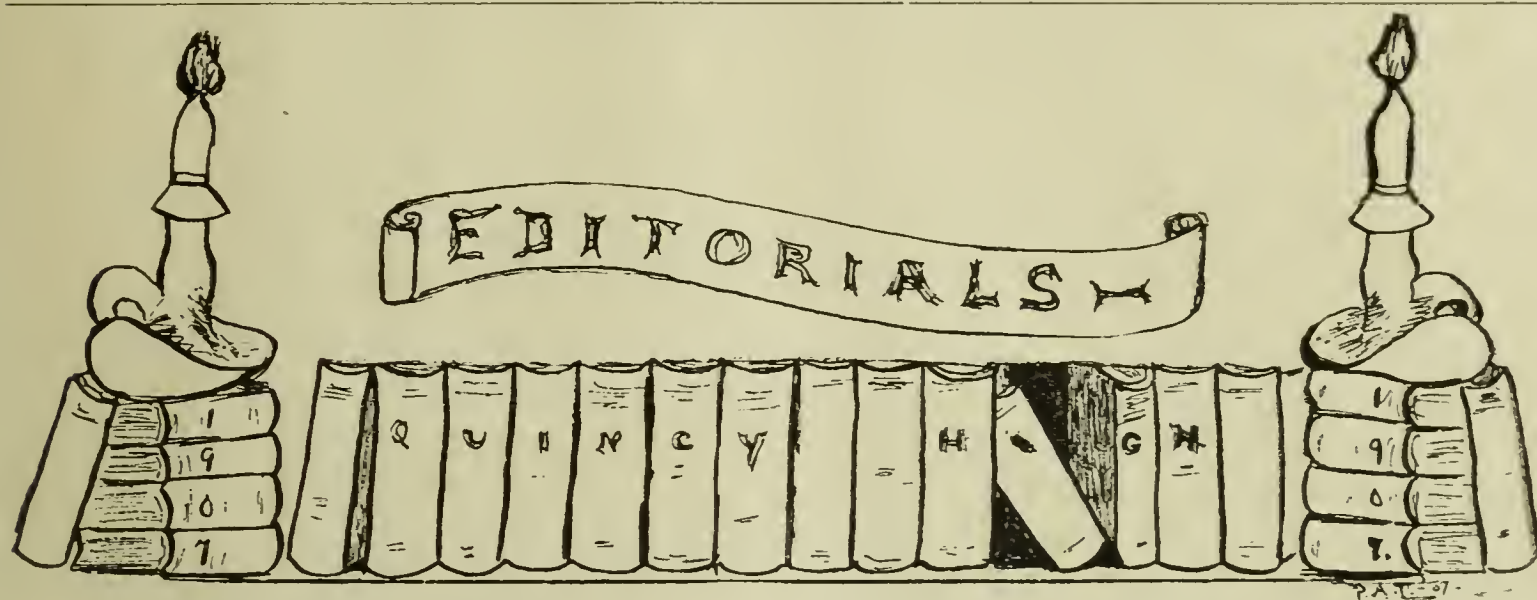
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The Golden-Rod.

QUINCY, MASS., MAY, 1907.



The Class of 1907.

No class ever left the Quincy High school with more reluctance than the class of nineteen-seven. We consider ourselves extremely fortunate to have the opportunity of graduating from the new building, even if we were sorely handicapped at the beginning of the term. In attending afternoon sessions last fall with poor accommodations and short recitation hours, much work had to be done hastily and some even left undone.

A great deal of pleasant school and class life was lost, because the pupils could not meet as a school and the classes could not hold meetings and class parties. It was simply a case of holding recitations and omitting every thing else.

The lack of music has also been keenly felt this year. For the first time in several years, the successful annual school concert could not take place, the proceeds of which would have aided greatly in purchasing decorations for our new building.

It is also to be regretted that athletics have suffered so much this year. Last fall the boys' football games were few in number and the

girls had no athletics whatever. The failure to complete the new building is still responsible for the apparent lack of interest in athletics this spring.

However, we will forget all the difficulties the school has undergone, because the building is at last ample to accommodate the whole number of pupils in one morning session and we hope that next year the graduating class and indeed the whole school will enjoy the benefits of the gymnasium and assembly hall and the new building which it has taken Quincy so many years to provide.



We cannot say too much in praise of our teachers, who, being put to such great inconveniences this year, have increased their efforts and buoyed up the spirits of the pupils until shirking would have been unjust and unappreciative. It was with great regret that we saw several of the old teachers leave after everything had been restored to order. In January, our German teacher, Miss Schroeder, accepted another position in Lynn; Miss Sherman, the sophomore English and Latin teacher, left us in order to teach in Providence,

while Mr. Thompson, our History teacher moved to New Jersey. Their places, however, have been filled by able instructors.



Since we entered the new building, we have learned one thing that could not be fully developed before, and that is punctuality. This is due to the new system by which the bells are rung by a program clock in the office. Before, we were obliged to rely upon watches which oftentimes vary. Now the regulators keep correct time and we are willing to be on time. Perhaps we do not fully realize it, but punctuality during our school life will develop in us habits useful at all times when we have entered upon our future.



Now that we are settled in our new building and our senior year is fast drawing to a close, we can afford to pause a moment to consider the first term. When school opened in September our new building was far from completion. The old building was not in condition to be used. These difficulties were happily solved by Woodward Institute kindly offering the use of its building for a session of three hours in the afternoon. By this arrangement both schools were put to much inconvenience. The High school, however, was able to do much of its work in spite of the serious handicap. Now that the building is ready, the pupils have an opportunity to make up some of the back work, and to graduate with the loss of only a few of the many opportunities a High School ought to provide.



It is much to be regretted that the assembly hall has not been made ready for use as it is there and there alone that enthusiasm can be roused when the time comes to pay athletic dues. A school as large as the Quincy High ought to support the different teams without outside contributions. If every pupil in the school were to pay the small sum of five cents a month for the ten months we are in session, there would be over three hundred and fifty dollars in the treasury and this sum would easily pay all athletic expenses for any year.

The Class of 1907.

"Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know."

—Pope.

OLIVE PIERSON ALLEN.

"My salad days
When I was green in judgment."

—Shakespeare.

CLARA MAY ARTHUR.

"With even step, and musing gait."

—Milton.

ALFRED PAUL ARTIS.

"He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat."

—Byron.

JULIA ARNOLD BARBER.

"Brave singer of the coming time,
Sweet minstrel of the joyous present."

—Holmes.

MARGARET THAYER BARNES.

"She was ever precise in promise-keeping."

—Shakespeare.

HARRIET AGNES BARRY.

"For I am nothing, if not critical."

—Shakespeare.

RUTH WINIFRED BEAN.

"I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower
Where roses and lilies and violets meet."

—T. H. Bayly.

ALBION PARIS BONNEY.

"To dumb forgetfulness a prey."

—Gray.

GILBERT ALEXANDER BOOTH.

"And of his port as meke as is a mayde."

—Chaucer.

CHESTER DON BROWN.

"What a strange thing is man."

ANNIE GRACE BUCKLEY.

"And what a stranger is woman!"

—Byron.

TERESA BUCKLEY.

"Time elaborately thrown away."

—Young.

JOHN WILLIAM BURKE, JR.

"Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster."

—Shakespeare.

THE GOLDEN - ROD

GERTRUDE MYLDRED BURKE. }
HELEN FRANCES BURKE. }

"Never, believe me, appear the Immortals,
Never alone."

—Coleridge.

EDITH MARION CHAPMAN.

"The glass of fashion, and the mold of form,
The observed of all observers."

—Shakespeare.

BESSIE EDITH CHISHOLM.

"Still as night, or summer's noontide air."

—Milton.

ANNIE GERTRUDE CORCORAN.

"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

—Shakespeare.

JAMES FRANCIS COSTELLO.

"With lokkes' curled as they were leyd in
presse."

—Chaucer.

ELLEN CROWLEY.

"In sooth, I know not why I am so sad."

—Shakespeare.

MILDRED CROWLEY.

"Young in limbs, in judgment old."

—Shakespeare.

CARLETON WHITTEMORE CUMMINGS.

"I find nonsense singularly refreshing."

—Tallyrand.

HAROLD FRANCIS CURTIS.

"One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony."

—Shakespeare.

GERTRUDE CECILIA DEAN.

"Late, late, so late, ye cannot enter now."

—Tennyson.

CLARA MAY DECOSTE.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?"

—Gay.

EDITH DELORY.

"Exceeding fair she was not ; and yet fair
In that she never studied to be fairer
Than Nature made her."

—G. Chapman.

JOSEPH JOHN DESMOND.

"Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would
ask the number of steps."

—Jerrold.

CHARLES STEWART DINEEN.

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow brooks run dimpling all the way."

—Pope.

HUNTINGTON ADAMS DRAPER.

"The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And he is one of them."

—Shakespeare.

STANLEY FORBES DUNCAN.

"O most glorious night,
Thou wert not sent for slumber."

—Byron.

ISRAEL EDELSTEIN.

"But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass."

—Milton.

FRANK BURR FLAHERTY.

"Above the nerve of mortal man."

—Milton.

LAWRENCE BERTRAM FORD.

"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

—Shakespeare.

OSCAR H. P. FRYE.

"The pink of perfection."

—Shakespeare.

ALMA MERCEDES GALLIGAN.

"When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that."

—Shakespeare.

ROY CAROLUS GIVEN.

"Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print,
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

—Byron.

HARRY EDWIN GLOVER.

"The proverb saith that many a small maketh
a grate."

—Chaucer.

ANNA CARRIE GOULD.

"Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms
obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes
tea."

—Pope

EDWARD RUSSELL HALL.

"Nowher a besier man than he ther u'as
And yet he seemed besier than he was."

—Chaucer.

ETHELREDA MARGUERITE HARKINS.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low ---
An excellent thing in woman."

—Shakespeare.

MARY GERTRUDE HEANEY,

"A mighty hunter, and her prey was man."

—Pope.

THE GOLDEN - ROD

MARY AGNES HENCHEY.

"Her face, oh call it fair, not pale."
—Coleridge.

BERTHA EVELYN HERNE.

"They mocked me for too much curiosity."
—Shakespeare.

FOSTER HITCHCOCK.

"With just enough of learning to misquote."
—Byron.

CHARLES BARSTOW HULL.

"He is not only dull himself, but the cause of
dullness in others."
—Johnson.

ETHEL RANDLETT HUMPHREY.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."
—Sir John Suckling.

SUSAN CLAYTON JAMES.

"Those curious locks so aptly twined,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind."
—T. Carew.

GERTRUDE MARIE LACEY.

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."
—Byron.

THOMAS JAMES LARKIN.

"The world's great men have not commonly
been great students."
—Holmes.

AUGUSTA C. LEHMANN.

"The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew."
—Whittier.

BRANDT SCHUYLER LUPTON.

"That tower of strength"
—Tennyson.

ELIZABETH RUTH LYONS.

"Rouse the lion from his lair."
—Scott.

ALICE GERTRUDE MANLEY.

"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair, and smooth."
—Byron.

FRANCIS LEO MACPHERSON.

"Be bolde, be bolde, and everywhere be bolde."
—Spenser.

EUGENE THEODORE MARCEAU.

"Of studie took he moste care and heede
Not a word spak he more than was neede."
—Chaucer.

IDA MAYBELLE MEANS.

"Such a blush
In the midst of brown was born."
—Hood.

ERNEST SAMUEL MERRILL.

"No duty could overtask him,
No need his will outrun ;
Or ever our lips could ask him,
His hands the work had done."
—Whittier.

HATTIEMAY MITCHELL.

"The clock upbraids me with a waste of time."
—Shakespeare.

LILLIAN WEYMOUTH MORROW.

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."
—Pope.

FRANK MURPHY.

"Hitch your wagon to a star."
—Emerson.

ROBINSON MURRAY.

"Young fellows will be young fellows."
—Bickerstaff.

WILLIAM WASS NICHOLS.

"See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums."
—T. Morell.

MERCEDES ELLEN O'BRIEN.

"And Frensch she spak ful faire and fetysly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensch of Paris was to her unknowe."
—Chaucer.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

"I awoke one morning and found myself
famous."
—Byron.

ELIZABETH HELEN O'NEIL.

"She is not bred so dull but she can learn."
—Shakespeare.

SARAH ELIZA PAWSEY.

"A sight to delight in."
—Southey.

MAX OLNEY PINKHAM.

"In his house he had a large looking-glass, be-
fore which he would stand and go through his
exercises."
—Plutarch.

MABEL ELIZABETH PRARIO.

"Softly her fingers wander o'er
The yielding planks of the ivory floor."
—B. F. Taylor.

THE GOLDEN - ROD

ALBERT WINSLOW PRESCOTT.

"He might have proved a useful adjunct, if not an ornament to society."

—*Lamb.*

RALPH LEONARD ROBINSON.

"Whilest that the child be young, let him be instructed in virtue and lytterature."

—*Lily.*

HELEN ALMY SAYWARD.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

—*Tennyson.*

GEORGE VALENTINE SHIRLEY.

"A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes."

—*Whittier.*

EUGENE GARLAND SMITH.

"In general, those who have nothing to say,
Contrive to spend the longest time in doing
it."

—*Lowell.*

RATHBURN EATON SPRAGUE.

"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

—*Pope.*

MYRON RICHMOND STEBBINS.

"I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Among the swains to show my book-learned
skill."

—*Goldsmith.*

ROSE ELEANOR SULLIVAN.

"Red as a rose is she."

—*Coleridge.*

WALTER ARNOLD SUTERMEISTER.

"There's mischief in this man."

—*Shakespeare.*

NELLIE ESTELLA TALLMAN.

"Sighed and looked unutterable things."

—*Thomson.*

HAROLD THOMAS.

"Like two single gentlemen, rolled into one."

—*Coleman.*

PERSIS ANNA THOMPSON.

"O'er rough and smooth she trips along
And never looks behind."

—*Whittier.*

ETTA MAY THURBER.

"I am always in haste, but never in a hurry."

—*Wesley.*

ANNA TINGLOF }
ELVIRA TINGLOF }

"They are like each other as two peas."

—*Swift.*

MINNIE JANE TRAVERS.

"Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned."

—*Marlowe.*

ERIC DANIEL WALLIN.

"Why should a man whose blood is warm
within

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? "

—*Shakespeare.*

REBECCA FLORENCE WARSHAW.

"As merry as the day is long."

—*Shakespeare.*

GEORGE BENNETT WESTON.

"My only books were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me."

—*Moore.*

LIZZIE MABEL WHITE.

"I cannot check my girlish blush,
My color comes and goes."

—*Kipling.*

ELSIE WOLL.

"The daintiest last, to make the end most
sweet."

—*Shakespeare.*

O. P. A. '07.



WANTED : In Room 21, another desk for Mr. Thomas' books.

WANTED : Some matches in the Physical Laboratory.

WANTED : For English IV C, a book of long vowel verses.

WANTED : Appropriation for a whistle for G—— W—— in French III.

Here's a toast to Mr. Hall,
Who sometimes thinks he knows it all,
Advice from others he doth spurn,
But "there are others"—he must learn.

Here's to those who go to school,
Thinking that's the place to fool ;
If they soon do not get wise
In June there'll be a big surprise.

Dick's Dream.

By Caro Sumner.

During Mr. Crawford's convalescence from a long illness, his small son, Dick, had appointed himself "father's head nurse," and when his physician prescribed an entire change to complete the recovery of his patient, Master Dick deemed it essential for his father's safety that he should accompany him. It was therefore decided that the invalid should carry out a long cherished plan of visiting European scenes. It seemed to Dick, whose eight years had been spent in comparative quietude, that he was to be the principal actor in a long fairy tale.

One evening, after a journey of several weeks through Germany, they came to a little village nestling among the mountains. In the quaint little inn the tired travelers were made very comfortable, and Mr. Crawford, much impressed by the beautiful scenery, determined to rest here some weeks. They spent many happy days exploring the wonderful surroundings.

An attractive playhouse for Dick was the pretty garden of the Inn. It was bordered by a thick hedge of tiny trees planted closely together and was filled with little flower beds made in all sorts of queer shapes. Then, too, there were low benches where he would often lie and sleep away a long afternoon or sit and look up at the gray rocks heaped in imposing masses above him. And happy was he when the little old landlady would come and sit by him in the twilight and tell him wonderful stories of the fairies who fled to the surrounding mountains when the great Emperor Charlemagne banished from his kingdom all fairy people.

He lay, one evening, under a broad linden tree that grew in the garden, watching his hostess as she went about her evening tasks.

From a distant hamlet, borne on the evening wind, came the sound of a sweet-toned bell, and as Dick lay looking up into the tall linden above him, it seemed that the leaves were keeping time with the soft intonations. The flowers, also, seemed to nod and wave and as

Dick looked at them more closely, little forms began to emerge from among their golden stamens. In a moment the garden was filled with tiny, dancing creatures, while in their midst sat one who seemed to be their Queen.

Dick hardly dared to stir, and all the time the little elves kept up a most fantastic dance. Suddenly they stopped and Dick could hear only a faint murmuring of their silvery voices, and the rustle of their wings. He knew that the fairies had discovered him. They hesitated for a moment and glanced instinctively toward their Queen. She was looking at Dick intently, so intently that he hardly dared breathe. Suddenly she spread her silvery wings and in a second was at his side. She spoke in a low, sweet voice which was, nevertheless, commanding:

"How came you here?"

But Dick was too much frightened to answer, and the fairy queen continued, "I know you have been sent by the cruel King with the Iron Crown, to spy upon us. He has banished us from his kingdom and we have found refuge in these flowers. But not satisfied with this, he must follow and persecute us. We are now more powerful than either you or the one you serve; we can never allow you to return to your cruel master, for you would tell him of our hiding-place. You must die."

And at a sign the little elves rushed upon him with their tiny spears and struck sharp thorns into his fingers until Dick cried with fear.

"I am not a spy, neither do I serve Charlemagne," he sobbed. "I am only staying here for a short time with my father, and have read so much about you that I have longed to see what you were really like."

When the little army realized that he was no enemy, they put back their spears and daggers and their faces assumed a more friendly aspect. Dick, noticing this, took courage, and continued,

"Tell me, are all the things that I have been reading about you, true?"

One old dwarf who seemed to be a leader in the band, answered, "Many things are true, but others are not. There is one story which the peasants about here do not know and that

is, that every spring we make a journey up into the mountains, and there we work for many days touching the trees, flowers and streams to bring them all back to life again. It is the best fun of the whole year. Perhaps you would care to come with us sometime and watch us at our work."

But before Dick could reply, the Queen bade them return to their flowers, for they had spent too much time already, talking to their new acquaintance. So, quickly as they had come they were gone, and when he had watched the last silvery wing vanish, he was startled by a voice calling his name.

He sat up, and rubbing his eyes, saw the landlady standing in the doorway. She beckoned to him and he slipped down off the bench and started slowly up the narrow garden path that led to the door of the Inn. He looked closely at the flowers but they said never a word. Instead, their eyes were closed tightly.

When he reached the door, the good lady said, "My child, your father is waiting for you in the dining room. Your supper has been ready for you for half an hour, but you looked so happy sleeping, that I did not like to waken you."

Dick went in, through the narrow hall and on to the dining room. When he entered, his father looked up from the paper he was reading and said, "Well, son, did you have your sleep out? I saw you curled up in the garden and thought you had better sleep. But now sit down and eat your supper, for it is late."

Dick was unusually quiet during the meal and only once did he speak. Then he said, "Father, are there fairies out in the garden?"

His father looked up, surprised at this question, and said, "Why, I am sure I don't know. Are there?"

With this as an encouragement, Dick related the experience he had had and his father gave his closest attention. When he had finished he said gravely, "Well Dick, perhaps you are right. There may be fairies out there but the idea had not occurred to me before. We will look tomorrow, however, and see if we can see them. But now that your supper is finished, you had better go to bed."

The Postman's Friendship.

By Ella F. Packard.

The postman of the little village of N— whistled merrily as he went up the path to a small white cottage with a green, well-kept lawn. He never used to whistle, but now a little boy was there, who always hobbled out on his crutches to get the letters.

"Sure an' there he is!" suddenly cried the mail-carrier, as he caught sight of the little figure swinging down the path as quickly as if he were not lame at all. As the boy came near, the man called out jestingly. "Arrah, now, and do ye think ye'll be afther geetn' a letter from me this day whin ye took yer lave from th' house so quick without a hat?" "Oh, yes, Pat," answered the little one saucily, "because you would write one yourself if Mama didn't send me one." "Arrah, and ye've got the impident tongue on yez ter answer yer swate-heart like thot, Harry me boy. An' how does ye know that I writ yez a bit of a letter, at all, at all?"

"Why, you write like you talk!" exclaimed the little boy, looking up at the tall Irishman quickly. "An' it's a mighty poor way, to be sure," the latter answered rather shamefacedly, "but as yer mither is too busy in th' social affairs of th' world ter care for yez, I t'ought ye wudn't mind if I tried ter cheer yez up a bit, whilst ye was getting well here. P'raps ye wudn't be afther wantin' the letter I writ in th' office this mornin', thin?"

"Oh, Pat! of course I want the new letter. You make such funny pictures and say such funny things in them."

So Pat took from his pocket a large envelope and gave it to the little boy. "Oh! what a nice big one!" Harry cried. "can I read it right now?"

"Sure, but I'll have ter be laving yez. An' here's the Boston paper for th' old man an' his wife. Ye'll be givin' it to thim whin ye go in. Goodbye."

He turned and went quickly down the street. Then the little lame boy was left alone. He opened his letter smilingly and read, laughing at the queer characters. But suddenly he

was quiet. Pat had written as an ending, "An if ye ever are in danger, sure an' I'd rather die meself saving yez than be the greatest man in the land." "Dear Pat," he murmured, as he went into the house.

Two days later, as Pat was in the village post-office busily sorting his mail to be carried about, he heard the clatter! clatter! of crutches coming up the wooden steps and soon little lame Harry appeared. But how happy he looked! His face was one beam of joy, and his lovely eyes gleamed brightly. "Mama's coming," he shouted, as soon as he caught sight of Pat. "The station boy jus' brought this," waving a telegram excitedly, "and I'm going to the station now to meet her. Won't yon come too? I want yon to see my beautiful Mama. Please say you will," and he tugged at his coat impatiently. "Well, thin, if ye intend ter make me coat fit th' wrong way by th' pullin' ye're afther givin' to it, I guess I better go with ye, ter kape yer quiet, and then make th' rounds with th' letters afterwards." "Come on then! hurry up!" Harry cried, as he plied his crutches vigorously down the steps, "and we can just reach the station in time for her train. Just see how fast I can go!"

And he hurried on. The two friends had almost reached the station when they heard a distant train-whistle. "There she is!" Harry cried and hurried ahead of Pat across the street to the station. In his excitement he did not see the wagon coming, the heavy express cart with the big snorting horse, until it was almost upon him. But Pat did. Turning quickly he noticed there was but one chance in a thousand to save little Harry. With one bound the Irishman was out in the street and in another moment, had grasped the astonished boy in his strong arms and lifted him from the danger of the horse, but not from all danger!

The runaway was upon him! Pat thought only of his burden and did not see the stone, the large rock half hidden in the dust, until too late! He stumbled and fell. He was only conscious of a rumbling noise above him, a quick pain, the shonts of men and women; and then all was black!

About two hours later he awoke. At first he was so dazed that he saw nothing, but could feel that he was in a beautiful room with many flowers and people. A terrible pain seemed to pierce like a knife through his right leg. He moaned. Some one bent over him. "Harry, me boy!" he breathed.

"You have saved him from a terrible death," a woman's voice gently answered, "and I thank you with all my heart and soul."

Pat opened his eyes; a very beautiful woman was bending over him. "Where?" he asked, and the lady went to a group of three at the further corner of the room. A little boy left the others and came with the lady to his bedside.

"Dear Pat," he murmured, "you gave me back to my Mama." Then he threw himself upon the bed and sobbed. "and you almost died, too, Pat, just as you said in the letter you would and I couldn't bear that. But the doctor made yon better and yon are coming back to live with me and Mama in New York. And you needn't do any work, and we will be happy together, just think!"

The beautiful lady came nearer and bent over the two forms on the bed. "Yon will let me thank yon this way, Pat, won't yon?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am for the sake of me swateheart boy," he answered, smiling as only an Irishman can.



The Four Classes.

The freshman class of Quincy High
Is that of nineteen ten,
And though we look down on them now
We hope to praise them then.

The sophomore class above them stands,
The class of nineteen nine;
And as they are a year advanced,
They ought to toe the line.

The junior class is next in rank,
And they must not forget
That though they are a splendid class,
They are not seniors yet.

And now the worthy seniors come,
But not for long to stay;
For they must start their books to pack,
And journey on their way.

ROY C. GIVEN, '07.

Frank Russell's Advance.

By Carleton W. Cummings.

In the town of M— on a branch of the M. C. R. R. lived a widow, Mrs. Russell, with her two children. Frank, aged eighteen, and Margaret, aged sixteen.

Frank was a tall, dark-complexioned, sturdy looking fellow. He had finished his High School course and had hoped for at least two years at some college when his father's sudden death threw the support of the family upon his mother and himself. His sister was delicate and his mother had never been very strong, therefore Frank felt keenly the weight of responsibility which now rested upon him.

Soon after the lad's twelfth birthday he had become immensely interested in electricity and working with a friend, had fixed up a telegraph so that now when he was eighteen he could send and receive messages at a good speed. Consequently when it was announced that the little town of M— was to have telegraphic instruments installed in its station and would, therefore, need a new station agent, Frank's hopes arose at once, and he consulted his mother about applying for the position. The plan was looked upon favorably and soon he received the appointment of station master. The traffic on this branch was small and the pay correspondingly so since there were only four trains a day, the last one being at seven in the evening. As Frank was expected to stay at the station only for the half hour before the arrival of each train, there was plenty of time for odd jobs and errands around the village, and being naturally bright and active he made these odd jobs count.

Five miles to the north of M— was the small manufacturing city of L— and two miles to the south, the railroad crossed an old bridge over Deep River. A new bridge was to be put up the following summer, but as few trains passed over it, there was little thought about its safety. This branch left the main line about twelve miles north of M— and joined it again about six miles south of M—.

Frank had heard that on Monday night the General Superintendent of the road was to pass by on the main line with a party of

friends in a special train. Therefore, when on Sunday a heavy rain had settled down on that part of the country, and by Monday morning had washed out a place on the main line between the points where the branch joined it, Frank, fearful lest some accident might occur, had planned to watch the Special when it should go by at eleven-thirty P. M. But as luck would have it, at a little before ten on Monday night, a friend came in and asked him if he would go to the next town, two miles southeast of M—, and get the doctor for his mother who was very ill. Of course, Frank was willing to go and set out immediately. He reached the doctor's at quarter of eleven, delivered his message, and was about to start homeward when it occurred to him to go up to the Deep River bridge and return by way of the track. By this route he could, after all, see the Special.

By the roadside he paused, amazed at the sight of a lake where usually there was a broad meadow. Although the river bed was only about fifty feet from the road he could see nothing but an occasional tree stump or fence rail which, in spite of the short distance, looked like a black spot with no shape whatever. When he reached the railroad embankment, it was with difficulty that he clambered up the steep incline. Having reached the top, he was horrified to see that the bridge had been washed away and that only the telegraph poles remained. His mind worked quickly and his first impulse was to try to reach his station, two miles away and flag the train, for there were no houses where he could obtain a lantern nearer than the village from which he had just come. But on second thought he remembered the telegraph and rushing to a place where the wires were only about four and a half feet above the earth, he took out his knife and tried to cut one.

It seemed as if he could never cut it. Finally it parted and he seized the two ends and put them to his mouth to see if the circuit was still complete. He drew a sigh of relief as he caught the salty taste from the electric current and then bringing the two ends of the wire together by touching and separating them he spelled the call for L—. Then putting the

wires again to his mouth he waited with bated breath for the answer. As he waited he seemed to see the wreck which must follow if he were unsuccessful in stopping the train. Already he thought he heard the distant roar of the approaching engine, when his thoughts were interrupted by the operator at L— who answered at that moment. Then Frank carefully spelled out the following message: "Flag spcl. D. R., bridge gone. M." Again placing the wires to his mouth, he got the message; "O. K. L." Then he hurriedly spliced the wires and turned towards home.

At L—, the operator had just time enough to change his semaphore to danger before the Special rushed by and stopped about a third of a mile below the station.

When the General Superintendent heard the news, he telegraphed his thanks to Frank at his station. The next day Frank received the appointment as telegrapher at D—, a middle-sized manufacturing city on the main line.

From that time there has been a steady advance in the positions held by the young man and today one may read in the list of officials of the M. C. Railroad the name of Frank Russell, General Passenger Agent.



The Adventures of an Amateur Autoist.

Doctor Burch had bought an automobile. The news spread like wildfire, till within a day of its announcement by the postman, every man, woman, and child in Greenville had heard of it.

The fact was that the old doctor, the family physician of Greenville, had recently visited his cousin in Boston, and while there he had gone to the automobile show. There he became very much interested in automobiles generally, and ended by purchasing a small doctor's run-about, "absolutely reliable under all conditions," according to the salesman.

The doctor had returned to Greenville intending to keep the matter entirely secret, not

even informing his wife, who was somewhat of a gossip.

"Well, Doctor," greeted him on all sides, "how does Greenville seem to you side of Boston?" "Oh, pretty slow, pretty slow," would be the reply. "Trouble is, yon folks are too far behind the times—time you woke up." After a week of eager anticipation on the part of the doctor, the shipping bill arrived, but unfortunately for his plans, his wife found and read this, which stated that "a Stanford run-about had been shipped to Dr. C. L. Burch of Greenville." She lost no time in telling the news to Abe Weathers, the R. F. D. man, who in turn informed everyone on his route.

Accordingly, when the little machine arrived at the Greenville station, it was immediately hauled to the doctor's home, escorted by all Greenville in a body, curious to witness the doctor's first trip. The doctor, although much surprised, soon joined them, and the auto was quickly prepared for its maiden run. Then the owner, instruction book in hand and trying his best not to look proud, stepped to the front of the machine and started the crank. The motor responded finely, but just then, unfortunately, an over-curious small boy pulled the starting lever.

The "runabout," true to its name, started forward like a streak, bowling over the doctor and several bystanders, and by the time these had recovered their breath and dignity, only a cloud of dust was visible, far up the road. The trail of the fugitive was easily followed being dotted here and there with lap robes, monkey wrenches, dead chicken, etc. Where the road turned sharply, the auto had turned to one side, torn down considerable fence, gone through a henhouse and finally was found, up against a haystack, uninjured but for a few scratches.

Then an ox was hired from a grinning onlooker, and the machine was towed slowly and ingloriously home.

Needless to remark, the old mare was in demand for the next few days, but at length having occasion to visit a distant town, the doctor resolved to try again. This time all went smoothly, until, upon the return trip, clouds came up and the rain poured in torrents. The

road, lonely and little used, and consequently in bad condition, soon became a river of mud, through which the auto labored with difficulty, liberally bespattering itself and its drenched occupant. Finally, in an especially deep and inviting looking slough, the motor gave a last despairing "ching" and stopped dead. In vain the doctor crawled underneath in the most approved style, lightened nuts, and cranked again: the motor refused to work. To add to the general pleasantness of the situation darkness fell, rendering any further attempt at repairs impossible.

Burdening himself with a spare tire, a kit of tools, a seat cushion, and, in fact, everything removable the doctor started for the nearest farmhouse, some two miles distant. The house was reached after an hour's hard tramp through the mud and rain, in the course of which automobiles and, in particular, "absolutely reliable" doctor's runabouts, were given a most merciless criticism. The doctor knocked hard and long till at length a head was thrust out of an upper window, and a voice, evidently that of a woman, said "No, we don't put up no tramps," and added, in an audible undertone, "John, go downstairs and untie that pup; I don't like his looks."

Further remonstrance on the part of the doctor was cut short by an emphatic "Now git!" accompanied by a slam of the window. The doctor did "git" and as quickly as possible, urged on by blood-curdling growls from the direction of the house. However, he succeeded in obtaining lodging for the night at the next farm beyond.

The following advertisement appeared in the next edition of the local paper. "Will exchange a Stanford runabout, run only 25 miles for buggy, horse, or anything not in anyway connected with automobiles. Good and sufficient reasons for selling given by owner, Dr. C. L. Burch, Greenville, Mass."



TEACHER IN PHYSICS: "Mr. Fl—ve, will you please sit down?"

MR. FL—: "Yes, sir, as soon as I remove the water from my chair."



Athletics.

The base ball season of 1907 opened under two very unfavorable conditions. At first we had no captain. This difficulty has been well overcome. But the more important difficulty has not been overcome. This is the lack of funds to carry out our schedule. This is due to a great lack of interest throughout the school. This means that, if money is not raised in a very short time, the season of 1907 will be limited to two or three games. Our team must be supplied with bats and the other necessities. The team ought to have new uniforms. The school should realize these conditions for it lies entirely with the pupils whether or not we carry out our schedule, which is as follows:

April 19—Graduates.

April 23—Adams Academy at Quincy.

April 26—Weymouth High at Quincy.

April 30—Open.

May 3—Abington High at Quincy.

May 7—Ballou & Hobigand at Quincy.

May 10—Anburndale school at Quincy.

May 14—Hingham High at Hingham.

May 17—Roxbury High at Quincy.

May 24—Open.

May 28—Dedham High at Quincy.

May 31—Open.

June 4—Open.

June 7—Open.

June 10—Adams Academy at Quincy.

This year athletics began under very discouraging circumstances. The necessity of practicing in the morning, the lack of a coach, and the playing of one game a week was, despite the good material on the team, too great a handicap to overcome. The season ended,

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therefore, with few victories. The bright side of the season was that a large number of men were developed who will be available next year for the team to be led by Captain Gourlie.

The baseball team was unfortunate in losing Capt. Nichols, but should have a successful season if properly developed, since there are a number of good players out for the team.

Track athletics are coming in for more attention than ever before. This is a thing much to be desired as it opens up a field to those who have not the qualifications of baseball players, yet who wish to take part in some sport. Those who take up this branch of sport will be particularly helped by the new gymnasium which has finally arrived after years of waiting.

The gymnasium marks the second period in the development of organized athletics in our school, the first being the formation of the Athletic Association. The addition of the gymnasium to the equipment of the school should be of great benefit in a number of ways. The first is the individual benefit to those who would not take physical exercise unless required to do so. These are the very persons who need the work. It is to be hoped that instruction in gymnastics will be prescribed during at least the first three years for those who do not play on the school or class teams. The second benefit will be to the classes. This may be brought about by limiting the competition in the indoor sports to the various class teams, thus promoting class spirit. And, lastly, is the benefit to the class derived from the combination of the first two and shown in school loyalty. This last feature is brought about as a whole by the acquaintance of each young man with the other. It is true he may meet them in the class room, but he does not get to know them well as in the "gym," or on the field. The latter places are where the "square deal" traits in a young man are shown and developed. If, therefore, the leaders of the different teams will try to give each man as great a show as possible, they will find that with a proper amount of coaching the High School team will nearly always come out on top.

H. F. MILLER, JR.,—Q. H. S. 1903.

Girls' Field Meet.

June 16, 1906.

1st place counts 5; 2d place counts 3; 3d place counts 1.

	1906	1907	1908	1909
75 yard Dash.				
Nana Fisher.	..	..	5	..
Marie Dugan.	3	..	..	..
Catherine Gay.	..	..	1	..
50 yard Dash.				
N. Fisher.	..	..	5	..
M. Duggan.	3	..	..	..
C. Gay.	..	..	1	..
High Jump.				
Ella Packard.	5	..	..	..
Jennie Cummings.	..	..	3	..
Ninon Lacey.	..	..	..	1
Distance, 4 feet, 2 inches.				
Broad Jump.				
M. Alletzhaußer.	..	..	..	5
Ninon Lacey.	..	..	..	3
Gladys Howe.	..	..	1	..
Distance, 12 feet, 6 inches.				
Potato Race.				
Muriel Badger.	..	..	..	5
Anna Granahan.	..	..	..	3
Mar. Burke	..	..	..	1
Obstacle Race.				
Gladys Howe.	..	..	5	..
Helen Elcock.	..	..	3	..
Mar. Burke.	..	..	..	1
Base Ball Throwing.				
Gertrude Burke.	..	5	..	..
Anna Granahan.	..	..	..	1
Harriet Ruggles.	..	..	3	..
Distance, 136 feet, 4 inches.				
Sack Race.				
Ella Packard.	5	..	..	..
Jessie Pratt.	..	..	1	..
Nana Fisher.	..	..	3	..
Three-legged Race.				
Packard—Corey.	5	..	..	..
Allen—Bean.	..	3	..	..
Ruggles—Howe.	..	..	1	..
Goal Throwing—(6 out of 10.)				
Eleanor Moriarty.	..	..	..	5
Muriel Badger.	..	..	..	3
Harriet Ruggles.	..	..	1	..
Relay Race.				
Class of '09	..	..	..	5
Class of '08	..	..	3	..
Class of '06	1	..	..	..
Totals	22	8	34	35

Boys' Field Day.

June 21, 1906.

	1906	1907	1908	1909
100 yard Dash.				
Nichols.	..	5	..	..
Jordan.	2	..	..	..
Murphy.	..	2	..	..

Time, 11 1-5 sec.

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220 yard Dash.

Nichols.	..	5	..	..
Murphy.	..	3	..	..
Thayer.	1	..	..	..

Time, 25 2-5 sec.

Mile Run.

Gourlie.	..	..	5	..
Coffin.	3	..	..	..
Williams	1	..	..	..

Record broken.

Time, 5 min. 15 sec.

Shot Put.

Duncan.	..	5	..	..
Nichols.	..	2	..	..
McClure.	2	..	..	..

Distance, 29 feet, 2 inches.

Hammer Throw.

Lupton.	..	5	..	..
Nichols.	..	3	..	..
Sprague.	..	1	..	..

Distance, 95 feet, 4 inches.

Baseball Throw.

Nichols.	..	5	..	..
McClure.	3	..	..	..
Lupton.	..	1	..	..

Distance, 284 feet, 0 inches.

High Jump.

Sanders.	5	..	..	..
Jordan.	3	..	..	..
Stebbins.	..	1	..	..

Height, 4 feet, 8 inches.

Broad Jump.

Sanders.	5	..	..	..
Murphy.	..	3	..	..
Gourlie.	..	..	1	..

Record broken.

Distance 19 feet, 0 inches.

Hop, Step and Jump.

Gourlie.	..	..	5	..
McClure.	3	..	..	..
Thayer.	1	..	..	..

Distance, 37 feet, 10 inches.

Class Relay Race.

Jordan.	5	..	..	..
Nichols.	..	3	..	..

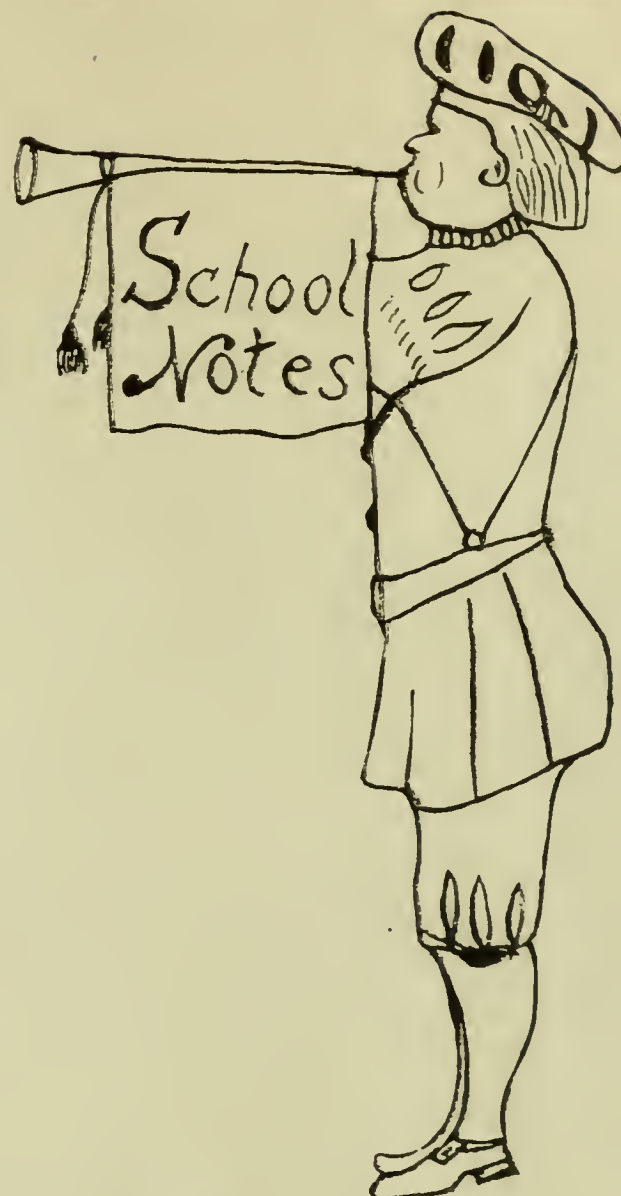
Totals 34 44 11 ..



"What boy in '07 is noted for idleness and excessive whispering?" sounds sort of familiar.

Why is it that some of the girls of Room 28 like to know everything that is written in the forbidden notes, which sometimes change hands in that room? But then, let us all remember Fraulein Schroeder's story of curiosity.

Too Bad—ger so fat.



C——'07 and Mr. Holbrook must be great friends, for they are seen talking in the hall quite often.

Latin I.—TEACHER; "Was Caesar anything besides a Roman general?"

BRIGHT MAIDEN: "He was of high birth."

TEACHER: "Where did Cicero live?"

B. MAIDEN: "In the country."

TEACHER: "Another book by the same author is "The Silent Woman."

PUPIL (aside): "I never heard of one."

Latin IV.—Miss P— '06 (translating): "The birds flying through the liquid air alighted on a tree."

In a 1907 class meeting while the president was speaking, someone whispered, "Hire a hall." She does not need to. She has one already.

A freshman said he didn't want any "Golden Rod" because there was plenty where he lived.

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C—H—'07: "When I fell from the roof to-day, I thought of all my short-comings in room 28."

MISS S—ER: "It must have been a very high building."

MISS J——'07: "Yes, papa is out in the orchard pruning some of the trees."

MISS E—H '07: "Oh! do you really raise your own prunes?"

It is said that Math. IV C has two star pupils; one is always ready to Giv(e) in and the other knows the Hull thing.

It has been suggested that the Science Class be furnished with rubber heels.

A room 28 motto.—"First let us know what is an excellent school, then let us make ours such."

Every trace of the old building is gone, even the white mice that used to visit Miss G— in Room 13.

Heard in History I.—"Then what did the Duke of Monmouth do?"

SMART BOY: "He died."

German III.—Miss P—k—d (translating "all his cows have been shot"): "Alle seine Kuhe haben geschossen." (*All his cows have been shooting.*)

English IV.—TEACHER: "What preparation did Sir Launfal make before setting out on his quest?"

C—s '07: "He called for his mail."

BILL: "Have you heard the criticism about our janitor?"

SIS: "No, what is it?"

BILL: "They say he makes a better door than window."

Miss L——'07—What funny things you do! Next.

June is drawing near, let us not forget our class dues!!!

We girls of '07 deeply regret that we shall not be able this year to make any praiseworthy allusions to cooking.

x				x
—		o		—
o		—		x

This is a scheme Miss S. has adopted to amuse her "little boys" and keep them quiet at recess.

PUPILS OF ROOM 28: Self control is the first law of good government. That sounds rather familiar, doesn't it?

In the geometry classes the favorite letters are no longer A,B,C,D,E but L,E,M,O,N.

MR. B——'07: "How I love to blow."

MR. X——: "The cornet?"

MR. B——: "Both."

TEACHER: Mr. G—v—n, please give the definition of Specific Gravity.

MR. G.: "Specific Gravity is sometimes called density and—and—."

TEACHER: "That will do; it is evident that you know the meaning of density."

Our teachers prophesy that the senior dramatics will not lack actors, as there is a great sufficiency of "actors" in the daily recitations of the senior class.

MR. C——'07, (after the teacher has failed to trip him on a hard problem): "That is a poor catcher."

Who is the straightest one in the class? Mr. M—because he is Frank.

Mr. H—all, } Heavyweights.
Mr. Lup—ton }

TEACHER: "What are the colors of eyes?"

MISS H—NY: "All colors, from brown to black."

TEACHER: "You can only have black eyes under certain conditions."

Latin IV.—Miss H—p—y '07 (translating): "Caesar died forty-four years." (I wonder if he is dead yet.)

German III.—Fr.—'07 (translating): "When a rich dowry comes with the desired wife in boxes and chests."

Might not the "Golden Rod" be called "Harper's Yearly?"

A certain young lady asked D——r '07 if he had a knife.

"Why yes, would you like to take it?"

The nominating committee knew what they were about when they put S——'07 and T——'07 on the decorating committee. No step ladders will be needed.

Alumni Notes.

Technology.

The common idea in regard to the Institute of Technology is that the fellows who go there can do nothing but study, if they wish to keep up to the standard. In fact when the number of hours of exercise required is considered, the work would seem to be very hard but the truth is that the work is different from that in the ordinary college and much of it is in the laboratories, or in geological, hydraulic, and surveying work outdoors; work which is very interesting and practical.

Contrary to opinion, there is plenty of time for athletics and recreation, all branches of sport being taken up, for Tech has a fine gymnasium and athletic field. There are many societies and fraternities, and the "Tech" show of which Parlin, '03, was general manager, has become famous. That there is time for athletics is shown by the fact that Carl Gram, '05, is a fine man, on the Track Team, class relay team and record-breaking Tech relay team, and has won many events at class meets. The lack of Varsity teams in all branches of sport makes class rivalry more intense, and gives more fellows a chance to take part.

I do not mean to say that there is not a lot of work to do, but rather that much of the work is very interesting, and that there are many things to do beside school work. The results of the thorough training given, and the reputation of the school are such that there were applications from three prominent firms for each graduate in one course last year, before graduation. The following yell is not polite but has been the favorite at all athletic meets for many years, and shows the Tech spirit.

We are happy,
Tech is H-I,
T-E-C-H-N-O-L-
O-G-Y.

C. L. CAMPBELL '05.



Harvard.

For several years, a number of Quincy High School graduates have each year entered Har-

vard College. They have all done good work there and a few have obtained phenomenal success. Some have been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa, the only fraternity for admission to which scholarship of the highest rank is required, and have graduated with highest honors, while others have developed into most promising athletes. All who have graduated have obtained good positions, and have in every way demonstrated their fitness for the line of work which they have entered.

It is to be hoped that the improved conditions at the Quincy High School, and the advantages which have been withheld for several years, will induce many of the present pupils to prepare for Harvard. If they make the most of the opportunities offered by small classes and quiet study rooms, and pursue thoroughly, for this is the key-note, the well-prepared courses of instruction, they will, first, have no difficulty in passing the entrance examinations, and secondly and more important, feel perfectly able to cope with graduates from preparatory schools all over the country in the entirely new educational life which they have entered.



Wellesley.

Wellesley has been truly called "The College Beautiful." Bordering on peaceful Lake Waban, the college grounds comprise over three hundred acres. On this campus there are ten dormitories, the largest of which is College Hall. Besides these, there are several other buildings namely, Music Hall, the Houghton Memorial Chapel the Whittier Observatory, the Farnsworth Art Building, six or eight society houses, and last, and by no means least, the "Barn."

Originally, Wellesley College consisted of an immense park with a single dormitory, College Hall. This building from one extremity to the other, is an eighth of a mile long. Near the entrance is a large open space, familiarly known as "centre," filled with palms and potted plants on the first floor, and extending up to the Natural History Museum on the fifth. In this hall there is a telegraph and telephone office, the gymnasium, the library, most of the executive offices and many class rooms.

But now let us return to that part of the college which strangers know less about. The Student Government Association is an organization of which every girl is proud. In 1900-01 the faculty and students started this association, which gave the girls power to govern themselves rather than remain under the faculty rule, as was the case previously. The delegating of this responsibility to the students resulted in a strengthened character and a greater loyalty to college interest. Upon entering college every girl becomes a member of the Student Government Association and soon feels it her duty to support the rules made by the Association.

The one organization in college to which every girl can belong, is the "Barnswallows." Once every three weeks, on Saturday evening all the girls meet together in the "Barn," a large wooden building, lighted by electricity, to enjoy a play or a dance. There is a fine floor for dancing, upon which only students and their girl friends have ever waltzed, for "the worst thing about these Barnswallow dances, is the fact that there is not a swallow-tail to be seen."

Tree day, a unique feature in Wellesley, is observed early in June. This is the day on which the Freshmen make known their class color, motto, song and flower, up to this time kept secret. At this time, with all due ceremony they plant their class tree, while the Seniors bid theirs farewell. Tree day has the reputation of being the most attractive fete of the year, and every member of 1910, anxiously awaits the mysteries which on that day are disclosed.



Greetings.

Having had at one time journalistic aspirations, I can fully appreciate the position in which the editors of the Golden Rod find themselves at this time, and yet I was greatly surprised and much pleased to receive from the editor a request to contribute a few words of greeting to the boys and girls of Quincy High School.

If I should meet one of you on the street today, I suspect your first question would be, "Well, how do you like Asbury Park?" And that would be a rather difficult question to answer, for I have been here but one month, and I feel that it is rather early yet to form an opinion.

I am going to tell you something of the city and its High School, and let you judge for yourselves whether you would choose to remain in Quincy or be transferred to Asbury Park to live. Asbury Park is a summer resort on the Jersey coast, fifty odd miles south of New York city. It is located on the very edge of the ocean and even now as I write, I can look far out to sea and hear the roar of the breakers on the sands. The population is about 10,000 in winter, but during the summer months the number swells to more than 150,000. There are scores of large hotels and many beautiful summer residences, and I am told that they are filled to overflowing during the summer season.

There are about 150 pupils in the High School, but at least 50 of them come each day from out of town. All members of the school study in an assembly hall, and relations are conducted in small rooms below. The periods are forty minutes in length and between the third and fourth periods come the devotional exercises, followed by a ten minute recess. During the exercises the teachers (or members of the faculty, as they call them here) occupy seats on the stage, and once each week the teachers in turn address the school for fifteen minutes or more. School is dismissed at one o'clock, and everybody goes home at that time, although the teachers have the right to oblige pupils to return in the afternoon for extra work. The boys are interested in all branches of athletics, football, basket-ball, track and baseball. The girls have no athletic sports of their own, and judging from a basket-ball game I attended the other night, they do not take so much interest in the boys' athletics as do your girls of Quincy High. So much for the city and its High School.

Many times have I thought of the teachers and boys and girls of Quincy High School, and the splendid reception they accorded me that last day of school. Although appropriate

words of thanks could not come to my lips that day, I have since thought of them, and could I now see you all. I should be able to tell you how highly appreciated were your kindnesses.

Since I left you, I have often allowed my thoughts to wander back to your school, and many times I have wondered how all of you, and especially my young friends in room 26, and my former history classes, were progressing.

I assure you that Quincy High School with its head master and teachers, and its boys and girls will always find a warm place in my heart. I hope that in years to come, when you boys and girls have taken up your life work in this great world, I may see some or all of you, and then we can recall the happy hours of our lives spent in work and play at Quincy High School.

Believe me always your sincere friend,

SAMUEL D. THOMPSON.

Asbury Park, New Jersey.

March 19, 1907.



The Classmates.

'Twas midnight in the college hall,
The lights were dim and low.
As six young students walked slowly thro',
To a study, just below.

For commencement day had come and past,
And with it all had gone,
Save these six here who lingered yet,
For one last hour alone.

For one last hour in which to hold
A meeting—man to man:
To set a time for a future meet,
And to tell each coming plan.

Then first spake he of the lofty brow,
"Fame is a jewell'd crown,
I would have it rest upon my head,
I would gain the world's renown."

"I seek not fame," said a gentle lad,
"But a bright and happy home;
I shall claim as my bride a fair young maid,
And together we shall roam."

Then he who for deeper knowledge oft
Had burned the midnight oil,
Spoke thus, "A scientist I'd be,
And for that end shall toil."

"I go ere long," spake a stalwart youth,
"To a far and distant land,
I would make myself 'rich as Croesus',
Have vast sums at my command."

Then up sprang a merry laughing elf,
"Since life is short at best,
I'll spend it as pleasure's devotee,
With music, dance and jest."

"My friends," said a noble, handsome boy,
"My life is just begun,
I shall follow the path which our Savior trod,
'Till my work on earth is done."

* * *

They met again—'twas many years
Since first they gathered there,
Instead, they stood with stooping forms,
And threads of silver hair.

"Alas!" said the first in a feeble voice,
"My hopes are shattered now,
I find that the jewelled crown of fame
May crush an aching brow."

"My wife has left this wicked world,
My children too are gone,"
Spoke the second, who wore a mourner's garb,
"I am left on earth alone."

"Alas!" sighed pleasure's man, "My choice
Was a foolish one, I trow,
A sadder and a wiser man,
I come amongst you now."

Then spoke the learned scientist,
"Many truths have I in store,
Yet all the secrets nature tells
But make me yearn for more."

Then rose the one who toiled for gold,
His manly form was worn,
"I've buildings, ships and wealth in store,
But I live unloved alone."

"My friends," said the last with a kindly smile,
"I'm happier now I know,
Than when we met here in our youth,
Just forty years ago."

"My life I've spent in kindly deeds
And simple words of love,
Which gives me happiness on earth,
And hope for joy above."

In a last farewell they clasped their hands,
And promised through their tears,
To spend in the noble work of God
Their few remaining years.

M. E. LEBLANC, '05.



When Irving Goes to School.

When Irving goes to school, it takes
Mamma and Ethel and me
To start him off, because he makes
Quite work enough for three.
Ethel must find his coat and cap,
I try to find his rule;
It's always an exciting time
When Irving goes to school.

Mamma must cut his sandwiches,
And lays in quite a stock;
While Ethel warms his rubbers well,
And I must watch the clock.
He eats his breakfast first of all,
While ours are getting cool—
It's always an exciting time
When Irving goes to school.

Next, Ethel brings his handkerchief,
I tell him he'll be late;
Mamma then kisses him goodbye
Just as it's half-past eight,
And Ethel, buttoning up his coat,
Says, "He's nobody's fool!"
It's always an exciting time
When Irving goes to school!

THE GOLDEN - ROD

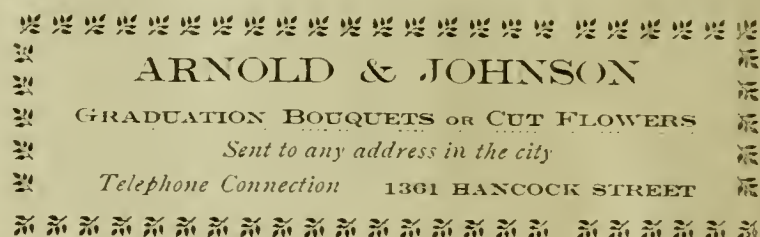
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